

# RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY  
ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE  
VOTED TO  
ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

(SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.)

RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

VOL. V. NO. 21.

## Literary Department.

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

### STRAYED.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NABUR.

Once she was beautiful, happy, and bright,  
With eyes of blue, woman's own light,  
And lips of red.  
Her feet kept time in the merry dance,  
And her smile would many a heart entrain—  
With the light of heaven.

Her heart was loving, and joyful, and true,  
Her light as that of a sun on a dewy tree,  
And life looked fair.  
She was scattered along her way,  
And happiness came each passing day,  
No clouds were there.

A lover, with longed words of sweet,  
Mendly loved himself at her feet,  
And good for love.  
She smilingly gave higher was white hand,  
On which he placed a golden band  
Beneath the stars above.

She believed the stars were solemnly made,  
And that they lingered not a while—  
In her joyous heart.

Thus he won her love and promised to wed,  
When the flowers of Spring their perfume shed,  
And this did they part.

But the spring time came with its blossoms wild,  
Its showers and sunbeams bright and mild,  
But he came not.

And the maiden waited and prayed in vain,  
Striving to still her heart's dull pain,  
And was her lot.

Her fatherless child was laid in a grave,  
Where a weeping willow cast its shade,  
Not a tear she shed.

But with burning eyes and throbbing heart,  
She saw her last hope fade and depart,  
With the early dawn.

But a merciful Father rules above,  
He knows not the heart that cries for love,  
Father divine.

And though the self-righteous ones of earth  
Turn from her with sneers and mirth,  
There is a crime.

Beyond the shadows of the tomb,  
A sweet celestial home,  
Among the host.

Where saints and angels dwell and rest,  
Shall taste of joy instead of grief,  
And be at rest.

## WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR,

### THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

### BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.

CHAPTER XXI.—COQUETRY, OR SOMETHING WORSE.

"You are acting very imprudently, Caroline," said an elderly woman to Miss Caroline Percy, in a tone of remonstrance.

"This remark was made in the progress of a long chat that, after dinner, in the drawing-room of Miss Percy's residence.

"Imprudently," echoed Miss Percy with a slight toss of the head.

"And very unwisely."

"Why, Aunt Percy? You ought to be under a thousand obligations to me for conferring upon you a name so decidedly aristocratic. I pride myself upon being a model of prudence and wisdom."

"Caroline—try to be serious."

"I will, Aunt Percy," said the young lady with a mock effort at gravity, which was belied by the merry mischievous glance of her sparkling eyes.

"What object do you propose to attain by offending William?"

Miss Percy hesitated, while she turned a handsome topaz ring three times round her forefinger.

"I do not wish to offend him."

"But you will know that he will be seriously offended if he discovers that you receive and encourage the visits of Mr. Frederick Willoughby."

"He is a jealous fool. I know that," replied Caroline Percy, quickly.

"You are unreasonable, Caroline," said Mrs. Percy, adjusting her neat cap of Brussels lace. "Besides, if he is of a jealous disposition, there is so much the more probability that he will dislike the course you are pursuing. And for what?"

"Perhaps I shall please Mr. Willoughby, Aunt Percy," replied the young lady, with an arch expression of countenance.

"Please Mr. Willoughby?"

"And what is of infinitely greater importance, perhaps Mr. Willoughby will please me."

not born to be the slave of any man."

"I am sure that William is very attentive and devoted to you. He humors your caprices and defers to your wishes."

"Granted."

"He is good looking—intelligent."

"Granted, dear aunt. I have the catalogue of his good qualities at my fingers' ends; but, continued the speaker gravely, "he is rather short in stature, has an undignified manner, does not dress in good taste, is always talking of business, has no abundant supply of cash, and does not belong to the circles of the ton."

"Do you mean to sacrifice him?" said Mrs. Percy, in a tone of inquiry.

"I don't know."

"But I protest."

"Don't, dear aunt," said the young lady, placing her hand over Mrs. Percy's mouth: "don't protest until I have had an opportunity of satisfying my own mind, and of developing my intentions more fully to you. I shall not determine hastily, involuntary, unwise and unreasonable as I appear to you."

"There is no resisting you, Carry, whatever may be your faults. The encouragement of the visits of Mr. Willoughby is not wise, in my estimation; but I understand less fully the cause of the protracted calls of Doctor Everard. You have entirely renewed your health and spirits, so far as I am able to judge."

"Oh! that is the best joke in the world," said Miss Percy, with a loud musical laugh. "Are you aware that I am extremely susceptible?"

"Yes, of nonsense."

"Do you know," continued the young lady, with animation, "that I possess a highly delicate nervous organization, an organization peculiarly subject to moral and mental influences?"

"Are you crazy, Caroline?"

"Doctor Everard assures me that my nervous system is remarkably sensitive, and has been so much interested in me that he has tried a great variety of experiments to develop the strength of my voluntary action, involuntary sympathies."

"You are talking Greek to me."

"By no means. I have learned these big words from Doctor Everard, within the last two days."

"Explain."

"The grave, serious, sage old Doctor—how completely I have humbugged him. I read a paragraph in a newspaper, a notion which, which intimated that the learned Doctor Everard was a believer in mesmerism. So when he called to see me the other day after my fainting fit, I entertained him with a succession of nervous twitches and spasms, which had no other origin than my desire to mystify him. I perceived him to be slightly engaged in making passes with his hands—pausing occasionally to fix his dark, piercing eyes upon me. At length I became quiet, and by degrees fell into a calm unconscious slumber. Yesterday the Doctor began to converse with me on the subject, and by virtue of his hints and my native sagacity, I am making wonderful progress in the practical exemplification of the science of Animal Magnetism."

"How dare you practice such an imposition upon a man so eminent and learned?"

"What is his learning good for, if it will not enable him to detect the imposition of a weak unlearned woman? I have a notion that men of genius and talent are easily humbugged; they are so confident of their power, that they think it unnecessary to guard against deception."

"He will be very much displeased with you," said Mrs. Percy, "if he detects your artifices."

"Let me alone for that," replied Caroline Percy, gravely. "He is earnest, simple-minded, full of enthusiasm. I am just the reverse."

"You intend then to prolong this nonsense, under false pretences of ill health?"

"Just so long, dear aunt, as there is any excitement in the thing. I find a degree of pleasure in playing with the weaknesses of men."

"Can you not live without constant excitement?"

Miss Percy did not make any reply to this question, but, turning from the ottoman on which she had been seated, she walked several times across the apartment with a thoughtful expression of countenance; then she stopped by the side of the elderly woman, and exclaimed vehemently:

"I wish I was a man."

"What now?" remarked Mrs. Percy, smiling.

"Are you ambitious of wearing a frock-coat and striped breeches?"

"Not for dress, nor for pleasure; but for the excitement of action. I desire to do something, to accomplish something; were it only for the sake of notoriety. What opportunity do the laws of society and the usage of the world afford to a woman? She is expected to cook dinners, nurse babies, and chatter nonsense."

"And you would rather shoot rabbits, spout politics, or fight battles?"

"I would prefer to mingle in the stormy scenes of human life, and to know by experience the emotions which spring from the events of an adventurous existence. Woman, though I be, I cannot, I will not, live and vegetate in idleness and obscurity."

The conversation between Mrs. Percy and her niece was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor—Frederick Willoughby.

"You are looking quite well to-day, Mrs. Percy," said the young man, advancing toward the ladies.

"As usual, sir, replied the elderly woman, with a gracious smile."

Miss Percy rose from her seat and extended her hand to him. He pressed it gently, and added in a subdued tone:

"that Doctor Everard considers me very nervous and excitable."

"Nervous? A young woman of my day was hardly conscious that she possessed nerves, unless she cut one of her fingers, or became the victim of the tooth-ache. Now, young ladies are almost universally troubled with weak nerves and imaginary languor. This comes of exchanging baking and spinning for poetry and music."

"Oh! aunt Percy," exclaimed Caroline. "Do not speak contemptuously of my favorite recreations. I delight in music and poetry."

"I second your appeal to the mercy of your aunt," said Frederick Willoughby, bowing slightly. "Your tastes are too elegant to be censured or ridiculed."

"As recreations, I do not object to poetry or music; but a woman should have some occupation besides reading on a sofa, or strumming a guitar; something, anything to banish weak nerves and the blues. Do you not agree with me, Mr. Willoughby?"

"I am not a physician, Mrs. Percy."

"There have succeeded, however," remarked Mrs. Percy, interrupting him, "better than Doctor Everard, in bringing the color to Caroline's pale cheeks, by your advocacy of her cause."

"Aunt," remonstrated the young lady, "it is your absurd attack upon my favorite pursuits that has excited me."

"Only nervousness," said Mrs. Percy, laughing. "I will not shock you any more to-day, especially as I have household duties to perform, which require my immediate attention. Mr. Willoughby will excuse me."

Mrs. Percy left the apartment.

"And now," said Frederick Willoughby, addressing Miss Percy, "as a fitting termination of the argument, I entreat you to sing some of your favorite songs."

"On one condition," replied Caroline Percy, with an entreating glance of her dark eyes, as she moved toward the piano.

"I agree."

"That you will honestly tell me when I have 'wounded' you."

Miss Percy seated herself at the piano and played a delightful French rondo, in a brilliant style, after which she sang several airs from operas of Rossini and Donizetti. Her voice was a soprano of good intonation, and of great compass and power. The deficiencies of an ordinary musical education were compensated in a remarkable degree by the nicety of her ear. There were no discords, no false cadences in her execution of the most difficult passages of the Italian masters.

At length she closed her music books, notwithstanding Willoughby's entreaties. She did not, however, rise from the piano. Sweeping the keys more slowly and expressively, she warbled in plaintive, tender strains three or four Scotch and Irish ballads. At the conclusion of one of her favorite melodies, she turned toward the young lady and, encircled his eyes fixed anxiously upon him.

"So you are really fond of music?" inquired Miss Percy, smiling.

"Passionately fond of it."

"You have heard the best singers, of course, the principal singers I mean, at the opera and the theatre?"

"Yes, repeatedly."

"And yet you can listen to me?"

"With greater pleasure, Miss Percy, than I have ever listened to their artistic display."

"This you say by way of compliment," observed the lady, "while I have the most grave and serious reasons for ascertaining your real sentiments."

"Assure you that I speak seriously," said Frederick Willoughby. "The professional singers whom I have heard, possess, many of them, great musical powers, and wonderful brilliancy of execution—the fruits of long study and practice. But I do listen to them, with *impassioned* interest. They tickle the ear, but fail to reach the heart. I cannot banish the feeling that they are acting a part rather than pouring out the intense emotions of their souls in language that rises far above the sweetest strains of poetry."

"How does this criticism affect me?"

"You are the very reverse of them; not so highly artificial, perhaps, but you sing naturally, with great excellence as regards execution, and decided power over the feelings."

"I will explain myself frankly," said Miss Percy, with a slight degree of embarrassment. "You have seen so partial and so complimentary, as to commend in high tones my reading and singing. By so doing you have involuntarily become an accomplice with my natural vanity in urging me to attempt a theatrical engagement."

"Why are you surprised? Do you think that I have no reasonable prospect of success?"

"Your announcement was unexpected. Are you really in earnest?"

"Really."

"But your aunt. Are there no objections to such a course except the danger of failure?"

"I understand you, Mr. Willoughby," replied Miss Percy. "There are objections on the score of delicacy, which a woman must be prepared to surmount before she can trust herself to the criticisms of a promiscuous audience. There are prejudices, too, against professional actresses and singers, which, however unjust, are unquestionably real and annoying. Still I am compelled to repeat the question: do you think that I have no reasonable prospect of success?"

"By no means."

"Since I have opened the subject, I will state to you the principal reason which influences me. The income of my aunt is exceedingly limited, and I am wholly dependent upon her. I do, therefore, possess talents which are available in the production of a reasonable income. I feel it incumbent on me to employ them to the best advantage."

"The motive is highly honorable to you, Miss Percy, and yet I venture to suggest that you should fully consider the subject before you act upon it."

"Such is my intention."

The feelings which had been excited in the heart of Frederick Willoughby, by the frank communication of Caroline Percy, were of a singularly mixed description. The most predominant, however, was the flattering consciousness of having been selected by a lady, young, handsome and accomplished, as a confidential adviser and friend. It was probably under the influence of this sensation that he said emphatically:

"If I can assist you in any way, Miss Percy, command my services freely."

"You are very kind," replied Miss Percy, with a blush of grateful acknowledgment.

"Aunt Percy and I are comparative strangers in this city. We have few friends and receive little company. In the pursuit of my theatrical studies, if I determine to embrace the stage as a profession, I shall desire to profit by judicious criticism."

"Unquestionably."

"If you will condescend to listen to me occasionally," said Caroline Percy, with a dazzling smile, "and will regard me not as a partial friend, but as a stern critic, you will confer a real service upon me."

"But I am no critic," replied Willoughby, in surprise.

"It is not so much the rules of art as the teachings of nature that I seek to master. However, I hear my aunt's footsteps, and as this project is still a secret from her, we will change the conversation."

Mrs. Percy re-entered the apartment, and shortly afterwards Frederick Willoughby took his departure.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.

### A Strange Affair.

A number of our city physicians went out to Burlington yesterday to investigate the case of a child which for twenty days has been in a trance. The case is pronounced one of the most remarkable that ever came under the notice of the medical faculty, and there is little wonder that it creates something of a sensation.

In the report of the affair published in the *Wisconsin* of yesterday, we had not sufficient details to explain the case thoroughly, but are enabled to do so to-day from the lips of persons who have seen the child.

A little girl twelve years of age, named Mina, daughter of Christian Rausch, a German farmer, living about one and a half miles from Burlington, Racine county, in this State, had a severe attack of measles and diphtheria. She had nearly recovered from these on the 8th of January, when she called her father to her bedside, and told him she was going to sleep, and that she should sleep for a long, long time. She said she should look as though she were dead, but she should not be dead, and she made the father promise that he would not bury her, which promise, it may readily be supposed, has been faithfully kept. Soon after making the request, the child, to all appearance, sank quietly and peacefully into her last sleep. By all it was supposed Mina was dead, and the body was enshrouded and placed in a coffin. After the sleep, the body showed no signs of death, although the pulse and the heart ceased to perform their pulsations, and no doctor could show that the respiratory organs were in use. The eyes closed.

In this state Mina has lain now for twenty days without a sign of life and with no sign of death, other than a sinking of cheek and eyes, which would be natural with one who had fasted for so long a period.

Three days ago a vein was tapped and blood flowed as naturally as it would in a living person. A blister raised on the flesh precisely as it would on that of one alive. A neighbor of Mr. Rausch told our reporter that he had pressed a finger on the heart of the girl. Her flesh was solid, and upon taking away the finger, the spot was white. In a few seconds the color came again, precisely as it would if the flesh of a living person were pressed in the same manner.

Under these circumstances it is reasonable for parents and friends to believe that the child lies in a trance, and there is little wonder that the case is attracting so much attention among the medical faculty. It will be watched carefully to the end, and with interest. A large number of persons have visited the house of Mr. Rausch, and all express themselves as lost in wonder and amazement at this strikingly strange affair.

### A Tale of Horror.

"They that would be rich suddenly, fall into divers temptations. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which some coveting, have pierced themselves with many sorrows."

Many years ago, a seafaring man called at a village inn on the coast of Normandy, and asked for a supper and a bed. The landlord and landlady were elderly people, and apparently poor. He entered into conversation with them, and invited them to partake of his cheer, asked them many questions about themselves and the family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead.

The landlady showed him to his room; and when she quitted him, he put a purse of gold in her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning, pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband, and showed him the gold. For its sake they agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body.

In the morning came two or three relations, and asked in a joyful tone for the traveller who

had arrived there the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said he had risen early and gone away.

"Impossible!" said the relations. "It is your own son, who is lately returned from France, and is come to make happy the evening of your days, and he resolved to lodge with you this night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct toward way-faring mariners."

Language would be incompetent to describe the horror of the murderers when they found they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long-lost child. They confessed their crime, the body was found, and the wretched murderers expiated their offence on the scaffold.

### THE DEMAND OF THE AGE.

Mrs. Hattie J. French of Philadelphia, in the *WHITE BANNER*, gives us a suggestive thought upon the Subject which forms the caption to this article.

"The demand of the age—what is it? It is a question that requires culture of thought,—of intellect,—on a scientific plan. Aspiring into the mysteries of nature, is a demand of the age, through which great unfoldment in every scientific branch will be brought to light, through the great 'I am,' revealed in the divine law—God give you your beings to develop into the highest capacities of scientific literature and art. We also give you spiritual endowments, which be imbedded within the envelope of your animal beings, but which are lying dormant, waiting for the light of the gospel teachings. Of Spiritualism to shine in upon the darkened portals to nourish and bring out the hidden beauty within. This is the demand of the age we live in. 'Friends of freedom arise. A war has caused the nation to tremble for its freedom—are you free? No. Your souls are bound by the fetters of oppression and prejudice. Spiritualism has not become popular enough in Philadelphia, they have no fashionable hall of their own, they are not zealous enough, they do not make the demand of the age. The church people have caught the spirit of the age, and are under the contagious influence of little Phineas, that is doing something towards the great revival among the Spiritualists of Philadelphia."

### BRIGHT YOUNG ON LONG DRESSES.

It has more than once been observed that human nature was about the same, the world over. So we observe that in spite of their religion, the Mormon women of Salt Lake, are more or less the devotees of fashion; and among other follies, it appears they are addicted to that of trailing skirts; concerning which *Dagblom Young* takes them to task the following manner:

"It is a disgrace for a community to drag cloth in the dirt. How many women are there here to-day who walked to this Tabernacle without throwing dirt every step they took, not only on themselves, but upon those who walked near them? I shun them; when I see them coming, I try to make my way in some other direction in order to avoid their dust. I have borne it, and so have my brethren, until duty demands that we put a stop to it. I have politely expostulated with my wives and daughters on this subject. On the other hand, I will say, ladies, if we ask you to make your dresses a little shorter, do not be extravagant and cut them so short that we can see the tops of your stockings. Bring them down to the tops of your shoes, and have them so that you can walk and clear the dust, and do not expose your persons."

### Trim your Wicks.

The Coal oil lamp is killing its victims constantly. Anything which will avert the danger should be known. The *Burlington Argus* says:

The explosion is caused by a practice of neglecting to cut off the charred portion of the wick when the lamp is filled; observation will show that in a few days' use, the wick becomes charred in composition, for an inch, below the top of the tube containing it, and after the lamp has burned a short time the heated tube fires all the charred portion of the wick inside, and that sets the oil on fire below. This may be prevented by cutting off a sufficient portion of the charred wick each day after using the lamp.

### Life.

At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasant, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injured will pass away. Is it worth while to hate?

"Is it any more sinful for men to galvanize than for women to paint? In either case they appear in borrowed toils."

A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished the master by the following translation: Vir, a man; gín, a trap, virgin, a man-trap.

"John, how I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as it is to trade horses." "Why so, Pete?" "I'd cheat somebody most shockin' bad afore night."





Societies wishing the services of the Missionaries, should address them personally, or the Secretary of the Bureau.

All contributions for the Illinois State Missionary Cause will be acknowledged through this paper each month.

## Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

OFFICE N. 16 &amp; 18 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

JOHN W. SMITH, N. F. JONES.

STAMPA AND PUBLICATION.

For Terms of Subscription and Prices, see inside cover.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, and be sent by mail, or by express, and be paid for by the sender.

P. F. JONES, Editor.

All letters and communications intended for the Editor, should be addressed to the Editor, and be sent by mail, or by express, and be paid for by the sender.

All business letters to John C. Brady.

86, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The pen is mightier than the sword.

## HARMONY IN ALL THINGS TAKEN TOGETHER.

Shall we analyze this world, explain its nature, and the phenomena of its action? How few understand it, or appreciate its divine qualities. In this world, in all phases of life, we seem to discern nothing that indicates that harmony reigns, or exists that salutary influence, seemingly necessary for the happiness of man. Discord in the family circle! Jar between husband and wife! Contention in Church and State! Strife everywhere—harmony, seemingly, nowhere!

Harmony, the poetry of life, the sweet cadence of which may be found in the chiming of pure, unspiced souls! Harmony, the essence of life's noblest impulses, permeating all our acts and diffusing its fragrance into all the purposes of life.

Harmony, the Angel of Peace whose presence steals a halo of joy over the pathway of man.

We seek harmony, but seemingly, rarely ever find it. The human mind is so constituted that it cannot grasp all intricate questions intuitively. What one mind could readily grasp and understand, another would, perhaps, see nothing that would be worthy of commendation.

In the grand procession of events from time to eternity; in that beautiful pathway in which all humanity are marching to the music of old Father Time, we find all things taken together constitute this most beautiful and perfect harmony—not one discordant note in the millions of voices that echo from the various planes of life—not one miststep in that grand procession of humanity from the cradle to the grave! This does may seem strange and somewhat vague to those whose soul-chorus vibrate to none of the joys or pleasures of life, and who constantly look on the dark side of every scene, that all things taken together constitute the most beautiful and perfect harmony imaginable.

Look at yonder battle, and see contending armies striving for the mastery, and the spoils that lie before each, respectively. The cannon ball that carries destruction in its pathway, the groans of the wounded and dying, and the tumult of battle, when united with true deeds of charity, the songs of love, and the onward movements of all things else, constitute the most perfect harmony, not one discordant note, as it were, arising to mar the harmony that prevails. God is the instrument, making the notes, the acts of life the songs, the Wide-Spread Universe the book, and the human mind the storehouse; and from that instrument, or in that book, nothing can be found but the sweet flowing melody of harmony. You who think there is discord in God's Universe, never drank at the sweet fountains of superior knowledge. You comprehend not the true nature of Infinity, but think yourself an element of discord, instead of harmony, in the Universe of God.

In all the various phases of life, whether in the palatial residence with its luxuries and wealth, or cramped by the pinching hand of poverty, you are only an element of harmony in the grand procession of events from time to eternity! What, no discord, no strife, no contention, no tumult in life? How so? Poets, seemingly, never dreamed of that. They have wandered in the tower gardens of Nature, drank from the fountains of gushing truth, reveled in the delights of the empyrean, and inhaled the fragrance of nature's choicest works, yet they never sang of harmony in all things, for they were never brought in rapport with the Spirit of Music, the chief element of God.

Again, the Wide-Spread Universe is the Book of God, and He alone writes in its sacred pages. God is its author, mankind the subject, the acts of life may be found in the index. Go to that book, the Wide-Spread Universe, turn over its mystic pages, examine its index, trace the progress of events, and find discord there if you can. If you do, impose the motives of the Most High; breathe blasphemous words against him, for He, and He alone, is its author. He wrote it. Turn over its first leaf. See yonder beautiful valley, flowers nestling here and there manufacturing from the laboratory of nature the choicest extracts; hear the sweet thrills of joy from the numberless birds; let your soul-chorus vibrate to the gurgling melodies of the rippling stream; see nature's ceaseless activity; repose under the shade of the majestic trees; revel in the luxuriant grasses; listen to the silent language of all things—all of these and many more, are on the first page of this magnificent book which God Himself has written. What wrong there? What discord in that moving panorama which God Himself painted? Point out His mistakes, my wherein the author has by the association of scenes, made discord. No where, you answer. My soul drinks in the gushing melodies that seem to spring forth from united action of all things taken together on that first page of the Universe of God. Turn over another leaf. What greets your vision? A beautiful episode in the work of creation! A bubble on the rippling stream of time, to burst only to obtain new life in a purer and better home. Man is created. Look at the scene, first a simple point, a divine element. It assimilates from all the primitive elements of creation; and finally, man bursts forth on the

stage of existence. His creation is the second chapter in that great book, the Universe of God.

In this creation of man, we have a more full expression of the God element. In the first chapter, he rudely, as it were, expressed Himself. Yet, there was something transcendently beautiful in all his works. The sublimity of the towering mountain, the grandeur of the lake and river scenery, the beauty of the woodland and the varied scenes every where presented to the vision, were well calculated to please; "but as one star differeth from another in glory," so do the works of God differ. One note in the chromatic scale of man represents a certain sound; so in the chromatic scale of God Himself, man the note, no two represent the same sound, for it is by that diversity that harmony is maintained. In this book of God, the Wide-Spread Universe, we find discord nowhere.

The cry of poverty, coming up in plaintive tremulous tones from some weary heart, the whispers of the sick and afflicted, to near and dear friends, the voice of benevolence to all humanity, are the sweetest tones in that volume of harmonious sounds that well up from the Universe of God.

This book, the Universe of God, is well written and finely illustrated. Its illustrations are from Nature; they are realities; nothing artificial, nothing there that could be dispensed with.

But again, what of harmony in all things? Read carefully this book of God. Did He not write it all? If not, who was His amanuensis? Is He not responsible for the illustrations? If not, who was His artist? Did he not create man? If not, what architect and builder besides Him? Did He not intend that harmonious melodies should spring forth from all His works? If not, who has more power than Him, to introduce discord?

Think of all this, child of earth. You are, each one of you, an element of harmony in the Universe of God. Whatever your position in life, whether high or low, great or small, ignorant or wise, you are a beautiful link in that grand procession from the cradle to the grave. Glorious thought! Magnificent conception!

Fountains of truth, how sweet your gurgling waters, how beautiful your flow of melody! The human mind expands, the whole soul is illuminated with the thought of the grandeur of God's Universe. Harmony, we bless thee! You are the chief element of the Infinite!

## DIVORCE.

There are some questions that will not down at our bidding. Evade them as we may; seek to hush them up as we will, they will talk and we cannot help it.

The social question is one of them. Every effort to divert the attention of the public from it, has thus far proved fruitless. When our opponents in the church grow jubilant over the immorality of Spiritualists, they usually have hardly time to straighten their faces, before some Reverend Scamp elopes with one of his parishioners, leaving the church in consternation.

Father Hecker, in his lecture in this city, made some very startling statements, that all classes would do well to consider. He affirmed that in some states, the statistics showed that one in twenty-five of the marriages solemnized resulted in divorce, and taking the Catholic population therefrom, would materially increase the proportion.

Our Orthodox friends, with a gravity that is only equalled by their impudence, have been in the habit of shuffling the whole of this trouble upon Spiritualists and heretics generally. Father Hecker assured us that it was only Protestantism, "Gone to seed." Evasion for the most part never settles anything. We may throw dirt in each other's faces until doomsday, and it will not stop the impetuous tide of social discord that is sweeping through the length and breadth of society.

We must go to the fountain, learn if possible the cause of our difficulties, and then attempt their adjustment with all the powers that we possess.

The difficulties that crop out in the marriage relations, are no proof that monogamic marriage is a failure, any more than counterfeit bills are a proof there are none genuine.

One true marriage is sufficient to establish the fact that such a relation exists, and the knowledge of the laws that govern it, may pave the way to the realization of more of the same nature.

No arbitrary decree can make or unmake a relation, at once so intricate and fruitful of either happiness or misery.

Laws and ceremonies do not make rights for us. Our rights are native, inherent, eternal, and all that legislation can do, is simply to protect us in the rights we already possess by virtue of the nature we bear; therefore neither Priest, Court or Jury, can make or break a relation, so intimate as that of marriage.

They can only sanction and protect that which nature has already decreed.

As society now is, we sanction, and legalize marriages, without scarcely an inquiry regarding the parties so bound, and refuse to divorce them, or rather recognize a divorce that nature has already made, without giving to greedy scandal-mongers, the undoubted prerogative of impugning the motives, and assailing the characters of those seeking to dissolve such relation.

Marriage is made honorable; divorce, dishonorable.

We can never hope for a better state of society, until all that pertains to the Marriage relation are made an important part of our educational system, that all may acquire a knowledge of the laws upon which its happiness and perpetuity depend. At the same time, strip from divorce the odium that now attaches to it, throwing around each the fostering care of a society, that feels the importance of the most pure and truthful relations.

Happily, efforts are already being made in this direction.

The Social Science Convention, in this city, was one step on the royal road.

Let us hope that reformers will not neglect to agitate and investigate this important subject, until the terrible stains, such as infanticide and the long list of miseries that follow in the wake of unholo relations, are wiped out by the introduction of a more wholesome, social system.

## DID NOT GET THE JOURNAL.

Two or three persons have informed us that some of our three month's trial subscribers have failed to get the JOURNAL.

That mistake should be made in spelling the names of the post-offices, as well as the subscribers, is very natural; as in many cases, it is almost impossible to read such names from many letters we receive. If our friends will be a little more particular in writing plainly all proper names, it will save much trouble to us, and insure greater certainty of papers reaching subscribers promptly.

Some delay necessarily accrued, from the over-cautiousness of our Chicago postmaster, in detaining several bags of papers, fearing we were sending out free papers without prepaying postage. All such difficulties having been obviated, and the JOURNAL having moved on from this great center, we hope they will be successful in finding their way to every new subscriber, in due season hereafter. If any one fails to get his JOURNAL in due time, advise us of the fact, and all source of complaint shall be promptly ferreted out and removed.

Our friends appear to be in earnest in looking up and sending us trial subscribers, and we are equally earnest in sending them a good paper, and on time, so as to insure that which is designed—permanent subscriptions.

## THE CASE IN SPRINGFIELD—DR. BLAIN.

Dr. Blain has created quite a sensation in regard to Spiritualism, at the capital of our State. He gave a course of eight lectures, in January, on which occasion he gave over two hundred tests, which has had the effect to create quite a revival, absorbing most of the State Officers.

The Dr. is a very pliant instrument in the hands of his Spirit Guides, and when fully controlled, can give tests through him as fast as he can talk.

The eagerness with which the people of Springfield flocked to hear Dr. Blain, shows how eager human souls are, to get tidings from loved ones gone before, to receive evidence of a continued life beyond the grave, as well as how a good test medium is hailed and appreciated by the hungry masses.

Where these gifts are found, the medium should be kept at work and well paid; which we hope will be the case with Dr. Blain. His lectures are universally well received, a fact which, added to his gifts as a test medium, makes him a valuable laborer in our ranks. Besides, he is a genial, unassuming gentleman, and leaves a large and lucrative practice in this city to engage in this work of life, light and joy to mankind.

He speaks for the folks at Springfield during February.

## THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

The strictures of Brother Wilson upon the Davenport brothers, is timely and doubtless will do good, but let it be borne in mind that these brothers have received their full share of abuse, eye, persecution, at the hands of the public, and not infrequently, at the hands of Spiritualists. They have nobly stood their ground, and done a battle for the cause of Spiritualism. While their conduct may not meet the approbation of many, we are willing that they should pursue that course which the spirits, who control their senses, impress them to follow. That they are first-class mediums for physical manifestations, we know, and it is not our province to condemn, because they do not conduct their business as we might think most advisable.

## THE CASE OF MINA HAUCH.

In another part of the JOURNAL, we publish from a Milwaukee paper, an account of the singular entanglement of this young lady. Her case is creating quite a sensation in the vicinity of Milwaukee; and no less throughout the country; and the determination of this singular case will be looked for with much interest.

She has now lain for over twenty-five days, at all appearance in many respects dead.

Dr. J. W. Coleman, of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, is out in the *Intly Chicago Tribune* of the 3d inst., in which he says he has just visited the "Mysterious trance girl," at Burlington, and pronounced her actually dead. He gives it as his opinion that there has not been the least sign of life in her body for the last twenty days.

As anxious as we are to know the true state of the case, and to give it to our readers, we know that there is no way of ascertaining except to wait. We shall endeavor to learn the result and give it to our readers at the earliest opportunity. Knowing that similar cases of trance have occurred, induces us to anticipate that this young German girl may be another, or similar case.

## ANOTHER NEW SPIRITUAL PAPER.

We are in receipt of No. 2, vol. 1, of a new spiritual paper, entitled "THE SPIRITUAL LIGHT." It is from San Francisco—is a beautiful small eight page sheet; and besides its neat and tidy mechanical dress, is freighted with interesting spiritual matter.

It is edited and published by Geo. W. Morgan, 742 Harrison street. It is published monthly at \$1.00 per annum.

## CONSOLIDATION.

The SPIRITUALIST, of Janesville, Wisconsin, has been consolidated with the ONTO SPIRITUALIST. Brother Baker will still keep an office in Janesville, Wisconsin, and will have the care of the North-West Department. The paper is still to be the organ of the Wisconsin Spiritual Association.

## THREE MONTHS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

If each one of our friends would send themselves at work for one day, they could induce from twenty to one hundred in every town, to try the JOURNAL for three months, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH; a large percent of whom would become permanent subscribers. Think of it, friends. How easy it would be to fill up your ranks and become strong, if the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was weekly placed in the hands of fifty or a hundred of your best thinkers.

If you wish to become strong, bend your energies to the promulgation of the truths of our philosophy in all its branches among the masses. A good weekly newspaper, devoted to that subject, widely circulated among the people, will make it an easy matter to support lectures and lyceums. We ask our friends everywhere, new and old subscribers, to give us a few hours each, of their time, in presenting our proposition to their neighbors. On our part, we will guarantee to give you a weekly visitor, that all who receive will be proud to exhibit it.

## THE WESTERN RURAL.

The above is the name of a Weekly for the Farm and the Fireside, published simultaneously at 192 Madison street, Chicago, and 192 Jefferson street, Detroit. H. N. F. Lewis, editorial and proprietor.

The *Western Rural* has already entered upon its seventh volume with most flattering prospects of unparalleled success. It is a large sized, eight page sheet, printed upon excellent paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains choice articles from the pens of the very best American agriculturists.

The *Rural* is illustrated with many of the very best designs for the objects intended to be shown. For general reading matter, brother Lewis' paper will be a welcome visitor to every family where it may once find readers.

Terms, \$2.50 single copy, per annum. In clubs of four, \$2.

Premium lists with full particulars, extra specimen copies, posters, &c., sent on request. Address H. N. Lewis, Publisher, at either Chicago Ill., or Detroit, Mich.

## SPIRITUAL TRACTS.

We have just received from Judge Edmonds, of New York, a quantity of valuable tracts, treating upon subjects of great interest to Spiritualists, which we will forward to any one wanting the same, free of postage, on receipt of twenty-five cents.

These tracts are stitched into nice pamphlets, so as to be kept together or cut apart for gratuitous distribution, as may be most desirable.

We know and advise our readers of the fact, that Judge Edmonds is an eminent jurist, a sound thinker and a gentleman of large spiritual experience. In giving these tracts to the public, gratuitously, he manifests a degree of philanthropy and true manliness that would be highly commendable in thousands of other Spiritualists; much better able to do so, financially, than Judge Edmonds.

Address N. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

## GLOBE GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.

We would invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this Company in another column of our paper.

While we are well aware that, in many cases, companies for mining purposes are organized for the purpose of swindling the public, we believe that the Globe Gold and Silver Mining Company is an exception, and that it is what it purports to be, a genuine enterprise for mining purposes.

Horace Greely, who never endorsed a dishonest man or a bogus enterprise, thus speaks of the President of the Company, J. Winchester:

"We know that his enterprise, energy, temperance and assiduity are unsurpassed, and whatever he undertakes, he does with all his might. The good faith of his statements may be fully relied upon."

We fully endorse the statement of Mr. Greely.

## LITTLE THOUGHTS.

The above is the name of a beautiful Pictorial Magazine for the little ones, published in this city. It is printed on fine white paper, and profusely illustrated. It has a Musical Department, edited by J. A. Butterfield, the well known author of "When you and I were young, Maggie." The little ones, everywhere; will be pleased with it, for it is perfectly adapted to them.

Subscription price, ONE DOLLAR a year. Send ten cents for specimen number, to the publisher, L. H. Dowling, No. 104 Madison street, Chicago.

## PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

The first installment of manuscript for the Pacific Department having arrived, we shall commence, next week, the publication of the same, hoping our readers will be well pleased with this new feature of the JOURNAL.

The Frontier Department, the Pacific Department, the Inner Life Department, the Children's Department, Speeches from Inspired Speakers, Gems from Correspondents, Original Essays, etc., always contain something to interest and instruct.

## MUSICAL MEETINGS.

By an unanimous vote of the audience, Miss Clair De Evere, is to remain for the present month to speak and give tests, at Crosby's Music Hall. This, more than any other fact, evinces her popularity as a speaker and test medium. The morning sessions are now devoted to public Seances and the evenings to lectures. She invariably draws full houses, and her auditors attend their appreciation and thanks by frequent and prolonged applause.

The mind is the mirror of the soul.

## Literary Notices.

Starling's Progressive Papers, a most little work, treats in an interesting manner, of Man, Woman, Children, Angel, Spirit and our Globe, under the following heading:

Divine Abolition! Sociality, Spirit of Progress, the Nazarene, Regeneration, What is Man? Cheerfulness, Spiritual Phenomena, Voices from the Spirit Spires, Self Hood, Ideas, their Rise and Progress, Depravity, Plea for Little Ones, Earnest Words to Mothers, Angels, What are They? A Private Seance and Transformation.

It is well worth double its price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

The Spirituelle, or Directions in Development. By Abbey M. Laffin Ferree.

This is designed more particularly for those who desire to unfold their mediumistic qualities; yet it can be read with profit and pleasure, by any one, as it "sparkles all over" with rare gems of thought.

Price, 30 cents. For sale at this office.

Our Planet, its past and future: or Lectures on Geology. By William Denton. Published by the author. Boston.

This valuable work has already "reached its second edition; a sufficient guarantee of its usefulness and popularity. It treats upon a subject which is, justly, becoming one of signal importance to the history, philosophy and religion of the globe. The ideas are presented in a brief and concise manner, in the form of familiar lectures, and it may be truly said of it, *it is a gem in its class*.

As a specimen of his familiar style, we quote from his remarks upon the formation of coal, page 134.

"What could have produced this singular-looking, black, inflammable rock? How many times this was asked before Science could return an answer! She does it now with confidence. Coal was once growing, vegetable matter. Take a piece of bituminous coal, and, on closely examining it, you will find in most cases what looks like fragments of charcoal; the fibers of the original wood plainly visible in them. By grinding down a piece of bituminous coal very thin, and examining it through a microscope the very vessels of the wood may be distinctly perceived. Nor is this all; examine the mine where the coal is obtained, and on the surface of the shale, immediately above the coal, you will find innumerable impressions of leaves and branches as perfect as artist ever drew. Dr. Buckland thus eloquently describes the Bohemian coal mines:

"The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beautiful preservation with which the galleries of these structures, three or four miles are overhung. The roof is covered with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, hung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black above the beautiful green, with the light ground-work of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees of forms and characters now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigor of their primeval life."

## Amusements.

Sharpley's Minstrels at Wood's Museum, nightly attract crowded houses. This is their thirtieth week in this city. This week, they offer more new features. "Scenes on the Pacific Railroad;" "Good Bye Susan Jane;" "Lively Boys and Girls;" "Donovan O'Bussay;" to conclude with the new sketch, "Our New Theatre."

Matinee Saturday at half past two o'clock. February 14th, the great "Harry MacCarthy."

Theatre Comique, corner of Clark and Monroe streets. George J. Deagle, Manager. Also manager of Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, will open for the season as a first-class place of amusement for ladies and gentlemen, on Monday evening, February 15th. The largest company in the world. A multitude of attractions! Mammoth entertainment! Including Drama, Farce, Pantomime, Ballet, Gymnastics, Minstrelsy, and Classical Tableaux.

For lists of Artists see future Bills. Admission, 50 cents. Orchestra Chairs 75 cents.

This is the second and last week of Mrs. Scott Siddons at Mc Vicker's Theatre. The *Reptoire* for the week is as follows: Monday, February 1, Sheridan Knowles beautiful five-act play of "The Hunchback;" Tuesday, As You Like It;" Wednesday, "Romeo and Juliet;" Thursday, "Ingomar;" Friday, Farewell Benefit of Mrs. Scott Siddons. Saturday, Grand Siddons Matinee. Next week, the beautiful Worrell, Sisters Sophie, Irene, and Jenny, with their entire Opera Bouffe Company and full Chorus. Seats as now be secured.

The great feature of the week in this city has been the concerts of Miss Kellogg at Crosby's Opera House.

Her first of the present series was given on Monday evening, February 1st, to an unusually large auditory; and constituted her fourth appearance in Chicago; and the welcome she received was "one of which any artist might be proud, quite equalling if not excelling the Parepa and Ristori furores. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity in every part, the orchestra still even being filled and the nobles closely packed. This interest has been kept up at each succeeding concert throughout the week and series. They were withheld, however, on Thursday evening to make room for the first presentation of the great extravaganza of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," which was given to the entire strength of the dramatic company. In addition to the attractions of the place itself, which are of no ordinary character, an array of miscellaneous talent has been secured which will fill the place full of novelties. Among them are Miss Turnour, a young lady of fifteen, who will perform acrobatic feats upon the trapeze at the extreme height of the Opera House; Mrs. Ostashe the vivacious comedienne and singer, who made such a favorable impression in "Undine;" Miss Fanny Stouffer, who has an ex-





## Communications from the Inner Life.

We shall give this space to those who have written to the editor, and who have been answered by him. All communications under this head are given through the medium of the editor.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

A well-developed sense of the spiritual world is the result of a well-developed sense of the material world.

## INVOCATION.

JAN. 24.

Let us pray, and as we pray let us not send our thoughts away to an unconscious being, but to one that is ever with all, but never seen. Let us pray for a more perfect fulfillment of our interior natures. Let us know more of ourselves: for we feel that by knowing ourselves interiorly, we shall know more of the God who gave us that interior nature, and also if we understand the powers within ourselves, we shall be, then, better able to act and deal kindly with our brothers and sisters. We feel, oh, Spirit of Life that Thou hast implanted Thyself in our innermost soul. We feel that to know Thee as Thou art, is to be conscious of Thy power to ever feel Thy life principle permeating and pervading our whole being—that we may be a source of truth and happiness unto ourselves, in our external manifestations, we shall show that we have a God-given principle interiorly—within and without.

Everything in the mineral, vegetable and animal, comes some time to harmonize with Thyself; and when we, as conscious beings, understand ourselves, then we shall look into things below us which shall be harmonized in our every-day life. Let us look within the vessel, knowing that it contains an inextinguishable light. When we find it, we shall feel that it is in accordance with the Divine will that every soul should manifest itself according to its interior nature, although their experiences may differ everywhere, yet we can claim that it is God's will and not for us to be the judges. To realize this, is all we can ask, and for light from that source which is all light and truth, we will ever pray.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTIONS BY MR. FRANCIS.

Q. Who stands foremost in ancient and modern history, as a reformer?

A. Jesus, the son of Mary and Joseph.

Q. Will you explain the difference between electricity, magnetism and nerve force?

A. Electricity, we find in the atmosphere. When applied to the human system it is called magnetism. Nerve force may be called that which emanates from electricity in the first and magnetism in the second place.

QUESTIONS BY JAMES H. MARSHALL.

Q. What is the origin of thought?

A. It is the origin of a time when thought had a beginning, we could then consider of a time when it had an ending. Thought is like life, itself. We know of no time when it did not exist, consequently we cannot tell of its origin.

QUESTIONS BY JAMES H. MARSHALL.

Q. Are there any spirits present whom the undersigned knew in the earth life? If so, are they able or willing to communicate and identify themselves by a statement of facts concerning themselves or myself, from which I can judge of their identity?

A. It is possible that there are some present, yet they do not make themselves known to me. They may at some future time, if they do not to me, then to some one else. If at any time they should desire to manifest themselves through this organism, I should be most happy to give them all the assistance it is possible for us to give.

Q. What are the opinions or expectations obtaining in the spirit world relative to Christ and the resurrection of the body, as revealed in the scriptures?

A. Indeed, it would be a difficult task to tell all of the opinions and expectations upon the spiritual plane of life as it would upon the material plane. As we have said before, we believe Christ to be one of the greatest of reformers; one that has done, in one sense, the most good to humanity. From the fact that people are constituted that they have to have something tangible to look at—something that did really exist upon the natural plane like unto themselves, and also something to fear as well, then he certainly was one of the greatest, and did his work nobly and well. That he was sent by God to perform this mission, we do not think there are any spirits upon the spiritual plane that entertain an idea that he was sent particularly, any more than any other individual to perform that mission. It was his work, his lot, thus to be born into the world, to suffer all that he did while in it, and to pass from it in the midst of tortures as he did.

QUESTIONS BY MR. CLARK.

Q. Does the medium's own spirit abdicate in favor of the controlling spirit, or do they both possess her at the same time; and if so, are they cognizant of each other's presence; and if cognizant, is that presence always harmonious?

A. That the spirit must, of necessity, leave the organism, and give place to another, is not our experience. The spirit of life, which animates the physical frame of the medium does not leave, neither is it conscious of our presence. Yet, on the other hand, we are conscious of the presence of the spirit of the organism, whether it be the one we have possession of now, or any other.

Again, there are mediums so constituted that they are conscious of the spirit presence, foreign to their own. In that case both are alike cognizant, and must of necessity harmonize, or else the external senses of the medium would be closed to external things upon the material plane. As we have said before, the spirit is

mainly in the organism; yet it is no more conscious of our presence than it would be in a dead sleep, conscious of those around. When we say dead sleep, we do not mean the sleep of death, but simply the closing of the external eyes, so to speak.

QUESTIONS BY MR. WICKES.

Q. Why is it that an extremely strong desire on the part of an individual to converse with a spirit through a medium seems to reveal the spirit rather than attract it?

A. Honestly, we do not know that such is the case. The fact that they have a desire so strong is sufficient evidence that the spirit is near unto them. That desire, in no way that we are aware of, prevents the spirit from manifesting itself through the organism. In the first place, they have to have the power to control the organism before they can manifest themselves to any one. Yet it is possible that the cord of sympathy may be so great that they cannot influence the medium as readily as they would if it were otherwise; yet it does not prevent their being present.

Q. Why can not a spirit manifest itself readily and easily without the presence of a medium as well?

A. Some spirits can do so, while others cannot. It is sometimes necessary to have something to attract the attention externally, of those upon the material plane of life, as well as those upon the spiritual plane; and again, there are many spirits that could not control a medium to manifest themselves to friends without the aid of a medium. Spirits can be present and impress upon the mind of an individual or individuals, their wishes and desires; yet that individual is not conscious whether it is something in his own mind or whether it is really an impression made by the spirit. And if it is by sounds, then they attribute it to some other cause besides that of spirits. And as all persons upon the material plane of life are not clairvoyant, they could not materialize themselves so that they could see them.

There are numerous reasons why they can not. We believe the time will come, when individuals upon the material plane of life can converse as freely with those upon the spiritual plane as they do with one another, now upon the material plane.

Q. Is it possible for the inner man, or human spirit to actually and entirely leave the gross material form and afterward return, and continue to dwell in its earthly form?

A. We do not think it is. It is not uncommon for bodies to lay in a condition apparently lifeless, yet the spirit has not left the form.

We believe that when a spirit is once freed from the material organism, whether it is made conscious upon the material plane or not, it will never return to that body again to occupy it as it was wont to do. And again, if life was extinct, it would not have the power to return again if it would. It is many times the case that mediums say:

"I am not to be influenced now, because I am so weak, and have become so debilitated from sickness."

Well, if it is not easy to control a sick or diseased body, I am sure it would not be easy to control one that is insensate. The powers of reasoning are given us to make use of; and it seems to me that any one can reason upon the question for himself, and answer it for himself.

Q. Is not the fact of the body being alive, evidence of the presence of the spirit?

A. I suppose that our questioner has in his mind, cases where spirits are supposed to leave the body, or at least think they do themselves; and also cases where it is supposed that the person was actually dead, from the fact that to all appearance, the spirit had left the body. So the fact that life was there, and you could see, from the appearance of the body that there was life, and knew that there was life, it would be evidence of the spirit occupying that body. But if the body, on the other hand, has the appearance of death, then there is nothing which you can see, that is positive evidence that the spirit is within.

Q. I apprehend that you do not understand the question which I propounded. It is possible for life to continue in a body after the departure of the spirit?

A. Not the life principle of the human soul, yet there is life everywhere—there is the life principle both in animate and inanimate existence. We feel that the spirit has left, and when the spirit has left the body of necessity, life has left the body.

Q. Does the spirit while controlling the medium, ever feel that sensation which would cause pain to the medium in the normal state—for instance, would you feel the excessive cold, warmth in the room, or any other sensation which would be annoying?

A. Indeed, it would not be a source of annoyance had I not possession of the medium, but when I have, then the organism is mine, so that any thing that would annoy her in a normal state, would annoy me now. Anything that would cause physical pain she would not feel, but it would give me the same sensation of pain it would her in her normal condition. She might feel the effects of such pain afterwards, but would be unable to tell how it came.

FROM CHAZZ JERRY.

I suppose good folks, I can come here and there is no use of you saying, I can't; but to come, and find yourself in a body like this, I tell you, it is a pretty hard matter, yet whatever you do, you must keep your word good, I suppose. I shant be very apt to talk to anybody here, because I don't know anybody, I didn't come here to talk to anybody—that is anybody that is here. You know what I mean, I suppose. I came here because I was told that I could come—because, in the first place, I wanted to, and because in the second place, I wanted to see if I could; and in the third place, I wanted to let my folks know that I could come.

It is a very nice thing—it is a very easy thing for people to say what they would do; but I tell

you it is not so easy a thing to do after all.

It was always strange to me why it was, that a person had to go through with such a sight of trouble, when they had to stay such a little while you know. If I staid 110 years, it is but a little while, that is if you believe in eternity. I didn't stay a quarter of that time either. Oh, what a mighty easy thing it is to think—to think what I would do, yes, I would do—oh, I would do a good many things, yes. But you would do a mighty little I tell you if you only had such a hard time as I did, and that's just the long and short of it.

I say I was crazy? Well, I don't know but I am crazy yet, I don't know but I shall always be crazy. But God made me so I am crazy; I suppose he made me just what I am, and if he is a mind to leave me crazy, why, then he did, that's all. Now do you believe that? What made me crazy? What is it that makes anybody crazy, I would like to know? I will tell you, what I believe. I believe that within the head—within that which you call the brain—I believe there is a balance wheel, and if you think too deeply upon any subject, why, you get that out of balance. And if you are sick, you get out of balance. If you have a blow on the head, you may get it out of balance. There is a great many different things that may get out of balance; and when it is out of balance what is the result? They are crazy. I tell you what, if you only just know how to go to work to hit just the right blow on the head, you might give a good knock and bring back the senses again. But you see since I got out of my body I ain't crazy, but when I came here in this body, why there it is again. When I came here in this body, I would just as soon think I was crazy now, as to think I ever was crazy. I never thought I was crazy, but when I came to leave my body and come here, then it was I saw I must have been crazy or else I would never have done as I did. Now that is so.

It is a very, very wrong idea for you to treat crazy people the way you do. Now I just want you to think of this a little bit. If a person is crazy, God knows they have the worst of it, and you are never going to make them right by harsh treatment. I can tell you that, never sir. Never sir. And may be you never would make them right by kind treatment. That may be so too. But I tell you if you have got any conscience in you, you will be glad you treated them kindly, instead of treating them harshly, when you come to think the matter over. I was treated—if I say just what I think, you must excuse me—I tell you I was treated d—d mean. Now do you believe that? It's so, I tell you the truth, I tell you unless I use strong language, you won't have any idea of it all, I would not stay anywhere on earth nor in heaven—I would not stay anywhere if I could not say what I thought.

That is one privilege that they have in hell, that they don't have anywhere else. They can say what they think in hell and nobody can take any exception to it either, [laughter] you can laugh if you like, but I tell you it is so.

Oh, indeed? Talk about freedom, and right, don't you? Humph: I don't see the freedom, I can tell you. Mighty short of it, a long ways, short of it too. These very persons that are everlastingly preaching freedom sir, if they knew this, but they don't. But God knows they are the very persons sir, that laid the most rules, on other folks. Now do you know that? Its so. Just precisely as it is with the abolitionists, who will pretend to be a friend to the negro, and always telling what he would do for him, but when he has a chance—when he comes along—he sends him to his neighbor. It's so. Now am I crazy yet? If I ain't don't care. If I am crazy here, I won't be crazy when I get away. I swore, by the eternal if there was such a thing—if Jesus Christ himself did come back, and it was true that he did, I believe I could come back and tell these things.

Many a time I was knocked down. Do you think I didn't swear? Indeed I did, and I would swear again if anybody knocked me down. I say it is a shame, I say it is a burning shame, that people that pretend to be what people now a-days pretend to be, to do such things. Now do you know that? It is so. If you don't intend to carry out what you preach then don't preach it. If you do preach, it is better to carry your doctrine into effect by kindness than by force. But, oh, my God, I will tell you: I have heard ever so many people say, now may you think I don't know anything about this—that what ever is, is right. So if one man gets mad and commences to irritate another, and he should kill him, why, it was right, I suppose so. But I suppose if it was right that one man should kill the other man, it was right also, that the other should be killed too. I suppose that's right. But I tell you that's where you fail. May I take this? [Picks up a pin] May I take this pin?—Ain't had to do for the last three years, was to work with pins, on the few duds I had on my prison, I called it prison, it was an insane hospital, or asylum—a place where they keep people that are crazy. Do you understand? [Yes, they have one in this state where they keep just such folks as you, and treat them pretty much as you were treated too, by report.]

A. Well they didn't treat me there.

Q. Where were you confined, in what prison?

A. In an insane asylum.

Q. In what state?

A. I don't know; so you want to know where I lived? Yes.

Well I lived in Cincinnati, before I got crazy, but I didn't go into the insane asylum at Cincinnati.

I don't want you to go to quizzing me, I was quizzed enough at that place, I tell you, I won't stand it for anybody to question me close. No sir. I would not stand God himself to question me close. I won't stand it from anybody. I want people to think a little, I don't care how you make them think. There is more than one person that says, "I wonder if a person is crazy after they are dead?" "If they ain't crazy after they are dead, what do they come and talk in such a way as this for?"

When you are with the Romans, you must do as the Romans do. When you are with people that practice such things, you must talk accordingly. Do you believe that? [Yes.] You believe it do you? Do you say "yes, yes," just so as to get along as easy as possible with me? I thought you did, never mind, I can get along easy with you. If they would just mind their own business and let me alone I should not hurt anybody. I would never have hurt that man in the world if they had minded their own business and let me alone, I should never have hurt him at all. They thought I was going to hurt him, and went to take him away from me and I would not give him up—and that's the way he got hurt. I know how it was, I know very well. You want me to go now do you? Freedom in the spirit world ain't there? Humph: they say a body that has staid here so long must go. That's freedom ain't it, I tell you people that are put in to take care of crazy folks, will have a great deal to answer for, I tell you some of them are more crazy, than the folks they are put in to take care of. You won't scratch out any of me will you?—[No, unless we scratch out some of the hard words.] Oh, my God, if you take out anything I said that was hard, I'll come and say it again: so you had better let it go. I want to tell you, the man that had charge of us in that ward where I was, was a Methodist exhorter, I guess he used to want to preach and pray with us. We came mighty near killing him once. Yes sir. He was talking to us about a God of justice while he was keeping us there. I tell you we didn't see it. No sir.

I would not turn my hand to live on earth again. You would not sit and take it as easy as you do now, if you had been treated as I was. My name in the first place, when they gave me a name, it was Jeremiah. Then they cut it short and called me Jerry sometimes. And after I got to be crazy—at least they said, I was crazy—well may be I was: I suppose I was, but then if I was they needn't have done as they did then they never took any pains to call me anything but Jerry, people forget I was anybody then, only one name that was, crazy, so they never said a word about Williams, oh, no it was Jerry, and that is all there is of you.

I am going now, and you mark what I tell you, if you scratch out what I say, I will come back here, and bother you just as much longer. Now that's my nature. I am much obliged to you I guess. I won't be so unmanly as to forget to thank you. I am very much obliged to the man that writes. When you want some one to write for you call on me, will you? Good bye.

HENRY.

The talk of this spirit shows that when spirits return to manifest themselves upon the material plane, they again become a support with the same feelings that they had while here. And it follows that they act to correspond with their feelings, the same as they did in the earth life. I suppose his story was a very short one by the side of thousands, who, if they could speak, might tell theirs. Readers must bear in mind the fact that if an individualized entity, an immortal soul, can bear these things for months, and perhaps years, that they can surely bear with them for the little time that it would take to read or hear the same. I am sorry for him while he suffers; yet it is not lasting, because I know that when he returns to his spiritualized entity on the spiritual plane again, he will not have those feelings, but will be happy. He will feel better for having communicated, because, when he approaches, to manifest himself again, he will not have to go through with those feelings again.

Q. Can you explain the cause or philosophy of this feeling that a spirit has on his return to control a medium.

A. Every experience makes its impression upon the tablet of our memory. It becomes a life-picture, so to speak. It is there, and will never pass away. Now, if there is a place where thought is made manifest, there is, also, a cause for the same. Now we may say, that it is psychological influence upon the spirit, or say that it is an impression made by the surroundings, so that when brought to take cognizance of material things, then these memories of which they have lost their consciousness return to them and takes possession of them. It is a psychological influence for the time being.

Jan. 20th, 1869.

MARY E. LIVINGSTON.

This is, indeed, hard work, but I will keep my promise that I made only twenty-four hours since, to come here and speak, if I did not say more than five words: just enough that they might know that I did come—that I could come and say all that was desired.

I will not detain you long, friends. But I want to say that, strange as the phenomena of Spiritualism was upon earth, it is, nevertheless true. Now that I have passed from my earthly body, to realize the change, I find myself in possession of my spiritual body; now it is that I can say that it is true. I did not believe it, and why? Because it did not seem possible. And now my dear friends, I have come here and you know that I have come, and have done all that you desired me to. As you think this matter over you will believe that this is really true; and, again, if you think further upon the subject, you will say you believe that all thought is life, that every thought is a live entity to itself. That being the case, may it not be possible that those thoughts can travel, and have done so and made their impression upon that body in accordance with our will, and our thoughts.

But I am not here at all, I never thought of telling you of one little instance that I will now give you. In my trunk, the corner part of it, you will find a package of letters. About the middle of the package you will find one that I wrote myself and intended that it should never be seen. When you read that, you will then know all that which is now a secret from you; and if I had known that I would have been taken away so soon I should have destroyed it. I did not intend that other eyes than mine should

ever see it. It is addressed to William. When you read that you will know why I suffered. I am twenty-three years of age.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Third Annual Convention of Michigan State Spiritual Association.

Reported by LOUISA MEYER.

Moses Hull. All my labor and capital is invested in Spiritualism. There are some who try to get out of honest debts, I have met all kinds of excuses for the last four years. Once I could not ask for money, but I can now. The Advertiser spoiled me, I am going, I never need to ask for money, I will among them. But since I have been a Spiritualist, I have traveled a thousand miles without a cent of pay. I have been studying upon a plan, I think I have it. We have our Printers' Unions, Mechanics Unions, etc., our missionaries and lectures can have their unions, and when people find they have to pay lectures as they do doctors or lawyers it will come just as easy.

Mrs. Kinney, of Kalamazoo: I am in for Mrs. Hull's strike.

Dr. Hine, of Kent Co.: In Rockford we have adopted a plan to collect a donation fund to be paid quarterly. [Call local Spiritualists would likewise there would be funds in the Treasury.]

Dr. Bailey: Missionary labor depends on the condition of things where the work has been attempted. In this State we have so many local Societies that with proper effort they can sustain their missions, and when people find they have to pay for places where there is no organization and they are not able to pay. These old Societies should take care of themselves in this matter, and also help others.

Dean Clark: Remarks from others have called to my mind some points. I know there is nothing more natural than to find fault. I have no doubt the State Board intended to send the missionaries into remote places. But the fund must be raised. I think it unjust to complain because three missionaries have not visited every schoolhouse. We have not had them. We cannot expect the President and laborers to make a perfect organization in my view.

The President: I am glad this discussion has come up. During the last year I have received hundreds of letters saying we have subscribed so much, and have had no speaking yet. I always answered them that Missionary labor did not mean that the one contributing should receive the benefit. So I changed the program somewhat, for the purpose of collecting more money. They have been sent for to some places and have not received \$250. So I gave them instructions to speak before Societies occasionally for stated prices. If we had sent them to remote places entirely, you would now be indebted to them for the whole amount for which they were hired, instead of some \$200. I think these three missionaries have done well. Mr. Hine has the right view—that each County Circle take this matter into their own hands.

If the promised obligations were paid in which have been withheld because the Missionaries have not visited their particular localities, we could pay up, and come forward to the work. Perhaps we can learn from the past, and devise a better plan. Mrs. Horton has worked as hard that she is obliged to go home. Many of the Missionaries would be glad to continue their labors were it not for lack of funds. Hope the Committee will devise some better plan.

The President read his annual report to the State Association.

It was said in the course of an address: In less than twenty-one years from the time of the first Spiritualist meeting, as recognized from the other life, Spiritualism is being recognized as a great religious movement the world over. It has taken a deep hold upon the affections of the people, all desire to believe it true, and millions have, by facts and demonstrations, been made to know that there is a life beyond the tomb, and "life and immortality have indeed been brought to light."

Let us then take courage in the great work in which we are engaged, fear not a frowning sectarianism, that would limit God's love to a portion of humanity, but press forward, knowing that "they that are for us are more than they that are against us."

After announcing the time of meeting of the various Committees, the Convention was adjourned until 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. Harrington of Port Huron, Chairman of Committee on Revision of the Constitution made an amendatory report; which occasioned some discussion after which the entire Constitution was adopted.

The President then read off the names of speakers for whom he had procured passes, as follows: Elijah Woodworth, A. C. Woodruff, D. Pace, Moses Hull, A. H. Whiting, William Van Namee.

The following officers for the ensuing year were then elected: For President, Col. D. M. Fox, Kalamazoo; Secretary, Mrs. Sarah Weyburn, Port Huron; Trustees, J. C. Wood, Jackson, H. C. Brockwell, Hittie Crook, Mrs. R. L. Doty, Detroit.

Convention adjourned.

SATURDAY EVENING SESSION.

Meeting called to order at half past 7 o'clock, P. M. The President called the Presidents of the several County Circles to be stand. Invocation by Mrs. Horton. The first address was by Mrs. E. Stafford Samm, of Hillsdale, on Woman Suffrage. As the lady had her lecture written we omitted to take notes, desiring to get it of her subsequently.

Song by Mrs. Lee.

Address by Mrs. Emma Martin, both in prose and poetry.

Then followed a song by Mrs. Lee and an address by Mrs. A. C. Woodruff.

Song by Mrs. Lee. Invocation by Mrs. R. L. Doty. Adjourned.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Anecdote of President Lincoln.

President Lincoln's joking propensity was notorious. The following capital bit is worthy of publication: A gentleman from Boston who was a graduate and an office-seeker, called on Mr. Lincoln for an appointment, and was sustained by all the influential politicians of his State, as all such men are. After having presented his claims, and that everlasting string of names, the gentleman wished to turn the conversation a moment and asked the President at what college he graduated. "I never graduated at any college, sir; while in this world we never graduate, it is one life-long school." "Oh," said the graduate, "you are a self-made man." Not at all," said Mr. Lincoln, "I believe God made man."

The Bostonian saw the point and left without his credentials.

Cheap Generosity—Giving a man a piece of your mind.

Charity was always the companion of weak minds: it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.



**A PHYSICIAN WHO WILL TELL YOUR DISK PROBLEMS NO QUESTIONS.**

[illegible]